

Parkland Memorial Hospital in 1937. Ms. Mason was a trailblazer for others who would follow in her path.

A Dallas, Texas, native, Ms. Mason moved to Washington, DC, to study at the Freedmen's Hospital School of Nursing. After graduating in 1929, she served as chief nurse at the McMillan Sanitarium in Dallas, an institute founded by her father, Dr. W. R. McMillan. Ms. Mason later studied obstetrics for a year at Bellevue Hospital Center in New York City. During her time in New York, she married Duane B. Mason.

When Ms. Mason and her husband returned to Dallas, Ms. Mason began working at Parkland Memorial Hospital in the obstetrics department. She became a public health nurse for Dallas in 1941. Ms. Mason continued her nursing education at Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago, and earned her bachelor's degree in nursing at Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland. Ms. Mason always used her education to serve her community in Dallas, whether teaching others to care for premature infants or working for the school district.

Never shying away from a challenge, Ms. Mason joined the Peace Corps in 1972 and served in Mauritius. After working overseas, Ms. Mason came back to Dallas and worked for Tremont Health Care Center until her retirement at the age of 84.

Ms. Mason died last week at the age of 107 in Irving, Texas. Her lifelong dedication to helping others and her love for nursing changed our Dallas community for the better. Ms. Mason is survived by her daughters, Sandra Ruth Dixon and Anne Young, eight grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

#### HONORING THE LIFE OF LAURA LASALVIA

#### HON. JIM COSTA

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Monday, February 4, 2013*

Mr. COSTA. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to the life of Laura LaSalvia, who lived a long and fulfilling life of 95 years. Laura joined her late husband, Tony LaSalvia, on January 5, 2013.

Laura and Tony raised three children together: Antonia, Nicola, and Steven. Laura spent most of her time at home with her children while Tony ran the family business, the Los Banos Abattoir. After Tony's passing, Steven took over the business with Laura's help. She was well-known to both the producers and the customers, keeping a tight watch on the business affairs to ensure they were fulfilled as Tony would have wanted.

Laura was a trailblazer for women in the meat industry. It can be a tough business for women, but her dedication and hard work helped her to accomplish many successes. She passed these strong traits along to her children, grandchildren, great grandchildren, and to all those associated with the family business. Laura's presence at the Los Banos Abattoir will be greatly missed.

Laura was extremely active in her community. She served on school boards and participated in school-related activities for her children and grandchildren. She was also very involved at Saint Joseph's Church in Los Banos. Religion and faith were strong components of

her life. In 1957, Laura was a charter parent of Our Lady of Fatima School, and she served as president various times. She was also a member of Altar Society and the Italian Catholic Federation.

Mr. Speaker, I ask my colleagues to join me in paying tribute to the life of Laura LaSalvia. She will undoubtedly be missed by all for her wise and loving counsel. We thank Laura today for her outstanding contributions to the Central Valley and the State of California.

#### IN SUPPORT OF UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE RELEASE OF COMMEMORATIVE ROSA PARKS STAMP

#### HON. JOYCE BEATTY

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Monday, February 4, 2013*

Mrs. BEATTY. Mr. Speaker, today is the 100th birthday of Rosa Parks, the mother of the modern Civil Rights Movement.

In celebration of this year's Black History Month, it is with great honor that I wholeheartedly lend my voice in support of the release of a commemorative stamp, created by the United States Postal Service, to pay respects to her legacy and contributions to this country to ensure the equal treatment of all citizens.

Her civil disobedience in refusing to give up her seat on that bus in Montgomery, Alabama sparked a movement that continues today to push the possibilities of our society into new realms.

As a member of the Ohio General Assembly, where I also served as House Minority Leader, I was proud to have led the efforts that resulted in the 2005 passage of House Bill 421 of the 130th General Assembly to mark December 1st as Rosa Parks Day—the first state to do so in the Nation.

That day in 1955, she started something larger than herself.

Her action sparked the peaceful Montgomery Bus Boycott that lasted 381 days and successfully desegregated the public transportation system across the country. Her fight didn't end there: she continued to champion civil rights all across the country until her passing on October 24, 2005. And with this stamp, we further add to the recognition of her selflessness and pioneering spirit that she deserves.

The unveiling of the stamp will take place in Detroit, Rosa Parks' final place of rest. Detroit is also the location of the Rosa and Raymond Parks Institute for Self Development, an organization she help found in 1987 to inspire young people—just as her actions inspired many across our nation in Alabama years before.

Now that we are at the start of this year's Black History Month, a year that celebrates the 150th anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation and the 50th anniversary Martin Luther King Jr.'s March on Washington, I cannot think of a better 100th birthday memorial to help further etch Rosa Parks' name into the fabric of our nation's history than with this stamp.

#### "SOMETHING INSIDE" BY MADDIE GREENE

#### HON. MARK POCAN

OF WISCONSIN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Monday, February 4, 2013*

Mr. POCAN. Mr. Speaker, I would like to submit the following by Maddie Greene:

SOMETHING INSIDE

(By Maddie Greene)

PLANNED PARENTHOOD OF WISCONSIN PRESENTS  
OUR LIVES—OUR STORIES—OUR CELEBRATION:  
THE 40TH ANNIVERSARY OF ROE V. WADE

On a sunny, slightly chilly weekend in May of 2000 I was preparing for final exams. Despite the stress of impending tests, it was a beautiful spring.

I woke up early Saturday morning with severe stomach pain. This was a type of pain with which I was entirely unfamiliar. It came in waves, dull but intense. It would recede for a time then return so strong I could barely stand. Pressing my fingers against my lower belly, I determined that the lowest right-hand region was swollen, hot, and hard to the touch. So did I jump out of bed and call the hospital? Oh, heavens, no. Now, a blister—that's a tragedy worth swooning over. A swollen stomach? Eh, I'll ignore that.

That evening, I went to study with a friend. We made jokes about appendix trouble. I laughed—then rushed home and read up on appendicitis. My symptoms weren't quite right. With so much else to worry about, my attitude was this: "It will get worse, or it will get better. I'll adjust to either option as needed."

It got better. I went on about my week as usual. However, by happy chance, I had a routine annual gynecologist appointment scheduled for that Thursday at Planned Parenthood. That appointment was going to change my life.

Thursday morning, May 11, 2000, I took a final exam. A few hours later I was at my appointment at the old Mifflin Street Planned Parenthood a few blocks from my dorm. I mentioned the pain of the previous weekend, expecting little to come of it.

The R.N. conducting my examination was named Elizabeth. She was lovely. One element of my routine checkup involved Elizabeth pressing her fingertips into my lower belly. A few painful presses into the exam, her lips tightened. Then she smiled and said in a bright, cheerful voice, "Well, you're pregnant." I'm pretty sure I gave a witty and decimating retort, probably something like "No, I'm not." She gauged me at about three months pregnant based on the firm swelling. Mind you, the math didn't work out. I couldn't be pregnant. But when a nurse thinks you're having a baby, you entertain the notion. I took a pregnancy test.

Sitting in that exam room awaiting the results of my test constituted the longest five minutes of my life up to that point. When Elizabeth came back she was frowning again. "Well, you're not pregnant," she informed me, and I punched the air triumphantly. She let me have my little celebration but she didn't smile with me. Instead, she said pointedly "But if you're not pregnant, then I don't know what that thing is inside you."

This disturbed me greatly.

Elizabeth sent me home to relax. "Take the day off work," she said. "Think about your next step." She promised to be in touch. I went back to my dorm and called my parents in tears. "Mom? Dad? I'm not pregnant! . . . But something's wrong." They came to Madison and took me out to lunch.